The Chronicle and Index

OF THE UNITARIAN SOCIETY.

No. 22, Vol. ii.] BELFAST, DECEMBER 1st, 1882, [For Gratuitous Circulation

WE beg to acknowledge the receipt of Five Shillings from the Rev. Francis M'Cammon, of Banbridge, and One Shilling from a Friend, in aid of the Fund for the gratuitous publication and circulation of the *Chronicle and Index*. We shall be glad to receive other contributions.

IT is pleasant to find that people are inquiring about our opinions and aims in various parts of the world. Letters come to us from foreign countries, asking for advice and counsel, and also for books and tracts expository of our principles. It is a great pleasure to be able, as we are, to furnish the information sought, and to encourage the growth of free inquiry. A Spanish student writes to us, "I have read some few tracts, and they have awaked in my mind a world of happiness and hope, both for myself and fellow men." He asks for more information and books. We are sending both.

MR. STREET has been lecturing on the Sunday evenings during the past five weeks to large congregations, His subjects have been :—

Octr. 29th.—"Spoiling the Egyptians."
Novr. 5th—"Bigots and Infidels."
„ 12th—"Henry Ward Beecher's Secession."
„ 19th—"Henry Ward Beecher's present Beliefs."
„ 26th.—"Help for the Helpless."

We give in another part of our issue a synopsis of the first of these lectures. The object of the last was to call forth sympathy and help for the Royal Hospital.

The following gem is called "Longfellow's Finest Sonnet" :—

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken plaything on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted,
By promises of others in their stead,
Which though more splendid, may not please him more;
So nature deals with us, and takes away,
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand,
Leads us to rest so gently that we go,
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand,
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

I HAVE been attentively reading lately (says Mr. Sala, writing in the *Illustrated London News)* two notable volumes of Mr. Ruskin's called "Arrows of the Chace," with the view of discovering whether the illustrious author of "Modern Painters" be a Conservative or a Liberal, which circumstance leads me to relate a very brief apologue. There is an old story (in Burton, I think) of an Eastern potentate who, with his wife, was taken prisoner by the Great King Darius. The Persian monarch sternly asked his captive how much he was prepared to give for his ransom. So many purses of gold, was the reply. And for his wife? "A hundred thousand lives, if I had them," the captive made answer. The victor was pleased at the response, and set his prisoners free without any ransom at all. When they reached home the husband asked his wife what she had thought of the Great King Darius. "I did not look at him," she said, "I was only looking at the man who said that he would give a hundred thousand lives for mine, if he had them." The application of this story to "Arrows of the Chace" is obvious. Before I had read twenty pages of the book I had ceased to care a fig—nay, "the fig of Spain" —whether Mr. Ruskin were Whig or Tory, Liberal, Conservative, or Radical. I was "only looking at the man" who, for more than thirty years, had with matchless eloquence defended the cause of Truth and Beauty, of Justice and Right, and who had never ceased to stand up, with purse and person, for the poor and oppressed, "that the strong man might not spoil his goods nor hale him to prison without a warrant." And if it is to be a Tory to plead such a cause, I (who am a "black" Radical) am prepared to turn Tory to-morrow.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S CREED

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher recently made a statement of his belief, and withdrew from membership of the New York and Brooklyn Association of Congregational Churches. He rejected the doctrines of the Atonement, of original sin through Adam, and of man's inability to obey the laws of God. He believes in

future punishment, and in the divinity of Christ. The comments which followed Mr. Beecher's declaration were mostly favourable to him. It was stated that there was no reason why he should resign. One reverend speaker gave as his opinion that Mr. Beecher was as truly Evangelical as any other minister, and this remark was greatly applauded. The Plymouth Church retains its connection with the Association of Congregational Churches.

BEFORE this issue reaches the hands of our readers a Conference of Sunday Workers and Friends will have taken place in the Rosemary Street Schools. The paper on "The Work of Sunday Schools To-day" has been prepared by the Rev. Christopher J. Street, M.A., of Padiham. We hope to give some account of it, and of the Conference in our next issue.

HOSPITAL Sunday in Belfast has never yet become a general thing. Only few churches respond to the appeal for this great charity. In great towns in England the day is more generally observed, and there is a noble rivalry among the charitable, as to who shall do the most to benefit the suffering and helpless. We hope that ere long a similar spirit will be at work in Belfast.

WE are delighted to notice that the *Inquirer* newspaper is at last to be published at the reasonable price of 2d weekly. With the New Year this arrangement begins. The Paper is to maintain its size and high class character, and it is hoped that its circulation will be more than quadrupled. The names of new subscribers should be sent to the Depository, Queen's Arcade.

ONCE again the professional teachers of religion in Belfast are acknowledging their inefficiency and incompetency to meet the demands made upon them. They have decided to ask the two wandering Evangelists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, to visit the town, in order to promote a revival of religion in the community. The local shepherds cannot fold the sheep who are so abundant, and so they bring in strangers to help them. But their united efforts will fail. The feverish attempts of revivalists, and the grotesque activities of the Salvation Army will prove as ineffectual as Calvinism to reach the hearts of the people, and win them to holiness and God. A Diviner Gospel must be preached, and a nobler ideal of life set forth.

SPOILING THE EGYPTIANS.

INTERESTING LECTURE BY THE REV. J. C. STREET.

On Sunday evening, October 29th, in his church in Rosemary Street, before a very full congregation, the Rev. Mr. Street, Unitarian Minister, delivered an interesting lecture on the above subject, after the usual Sunday evening service was over. He said Egypt was the most interesting country in the world. On the banks of the Nile, so far as they knew, the oldest civilization of the world was cradled; and its formation remained to-day geographically very much as it was six thousand years ago—while in the same time almost all other countries had changed. After describing the fine qualities of the soil and the great richness of the tract known as the Delta, the speaker said there never was a time when the people of Egypt were face to face as the Irish people had been face to face with starvation. Even now there was no such thing as starvation in Egypt. It was possible to live on so little now, and the earth yielded so much, that no matter what amount of rapacity there might be directed against them, there appeared to be enough left for the Fellaheen. No men were more faithful tillers of the soil than the Egyptians, for in all times past they endeavoured to make the earth yield what it could, and sometimes it yielded so abundantly that no matter how tyrants oppressed them they had been able not only to live but to thrive. In Exodus it was said that Almighty God was about to inflict such a woe upon Egypt that there should go forth from Egypt a cry such as had never been heard in the history of the world, and such as never could again be heard in the history of the world; and in this great affliction that was about to be visited upon Egypt the Lord was represented as having advised the people of Israel, who were so hospitably entertained and sustained for ages, to go to their friends and neighbours who were Egyptians, and take off them their jewels of silver and of gold and other valuables. They let the people go and take these valuables, and did not claim them. That was what was called "spoiling the Egyptians." Humanity was sometimes very low down in the deepest degradation, and had yet to be lifted and made something nobler. On the Thames embankment there was a great monolith called Cleopatra's Needle, carved by the cunning hands of Egyptian artists some 5,000 years ago to commemorate Egyptian events and the history of the world.

It belonged to Egypt, but somehow the English had got it. At St. Peter's in Rome there was another, in New York another, in the Place de la Concorde, Paris, another, and in various other parts of Europe were to be found pillars and monuments that had been taken from Egypt. So it was they had been spoiling the Egyptians in many ways. So hungry was Europe in regard to Egyptian possessions that if they could have carried away the Sphinx and pyramids they would have done so. Fortunately, however, the mechanical powers were not yet in such a state that the Egyptians could be so completely despoiled that they could be denuded of all their possessions. The Pyramids still remained, cleaving the air, showing what humanity could achieve, and telling the great history of the past. The great Sphinx—huge colossus, so far as science was concerned—still looks out silently over the desert. Was it possible that there was in that face some speech, inexpressive though it were, gazing at woes it could not remove and woes it could not set aside—at sins it could not destroy? Was it fancy that in those impassive eyes of stone there was some spirit striving to go out to find some means by which the woes of the nation could be swept away? He (the speaker) knew not; but, as he sat gazing up at that face, it seemed to him that there was an impassive, inexpressive, unuttered cry of the people—of the race that had been down-trodden through all recorded ages, and that had been spoiled by every successive conqueror. He now wanted to fix their attention upon the latest means by which the Egyptians were spoiled. The Egyptians of to-day were as industrious as the Egyptians of any time in the past; for the peasantry were the most patient, plodding, untiring race that were to be found anywhere. They lived almost upon nothing. They worked all through the day. They were the hewers of wood and drawers of water—more for others than for themselves. It should be borne in mind that the Egyptians never had a native ruler, and were governed by strangers, who used them only as beasts of burden. They had no voice in the management of their own affairs, and were as tame and helpless as the giant frame of the mighty Sphinx that for ages had gazed out over the waters of the Nile in sad and solemn silence. The story of Egypt's modern spoilation was a very recent one. Between the years 1862 and 1873, certain financial alterations took place in Europe with regard to Egypt. There was a Khedive there who was anxious for the welfare of Egypt, and used its resources for Egyptian purposes, but the lust of power and the lust of dominion, and the lust of rivalry on the part of great States of the world grew upon him, and European spoliators were quite prepared to help him; and he (the speaker) was sorry to say—and those who knew his relations with and his appreciation of the characteristic virtues of the Jewish race, would not misunderstand him when he said that to a large extent in modern times the Jews had been doing what they did in the days of the book of the Exodus—Spoiling the Egyptians. The Rev. Mr. Street continued—£45,500,000 was lent by certain money lenders in Europe, I was going to say Egypt—I cannot—to the Khedive. The first ingenious part of the transaction was that the sum written down should be not £45,500,000 but £68,000,000 of money—£45,000,000 lent, £68,000,000 to pay interest upon. At this period the entire revenue was not quite £5,000,000 a year, and yet there were to be paid out of this sum 8 per cent. interest. The British Government, nor yet any other Government in Europe, had anything whatever to do with the transaction so far. It was a purely private transaction. But the interest had to be paid. And how could it be done? By grinding the people, by pressing them more than they ever had been pressed before, by the weight of the screw, by torture—by laying them upon the ground and beating the soles of their feet, until at last they were compelled to give up anything and everything they had. Still the money was not coming fast enough, and the pressure was put upon the men to produce more. The Khedive had built great palaces for himself and his wives and concubines, and the hands of the money lenders were put upon these things, his private estates were taken, and even the contract made with the poor Fellaheen years ago, that on payment of £17,000,000 they would free themselves from the land tax, that contract was set aside by money-lenders in London, and Paris, and Berlin, and the poor Egyptians were compelled to go back to the old land tax. From '73, however, came a change. The cry of the many hundreds of those who had invested in stocks became louder, and so one or two financiers were sent to arrange matters, and to some extent did good service. The first thing

was to increase the nominal amount from £45,000,000 to £90,000,000, as it stands to-day —although the people got no more money. It was decided by the Board of Control that £3,970,000 should be paid every year as interest upon this debt. So far no country interferred. Still the wielders of money were also by and by the wielders of swords and firers of cannon. It is said that there is scarcely a newspaper in all France that is not paid by the financiers, and the same with regard to those of Berlin and Vienna, and the statesmen of France are largely connected with monetary affairs in Egypt. The Rothschilds hold £8,000,000 of Egyptian stock, and possess one-fifth of the entire Delta of Egypt. Then look at the newspapers and leader writers manipulated, look at the pressure put upon capitalists, as well as the pressure direct and indirect upon those who rule the destinies of nations to compel them to interfere. Far be it from me to say that the war just finished was a bondholders' war. I have no belief that the men at the head of affairs, including Mr. Gladstone, would in any sense lend themselves to such a scheme, but I say men themselves are puppets at times; there is sometimes a power behind the Throne and behind statesmen that compels them in directions they never would have gone. It is the case in this matter. How ages tell their sad record of the way men dealt with men. What a miserable chapter it is that speaks of the dominant races in regard to to the poor Fellaheen of Egypt. They have gone about bearing their heavy burden, and their cry has gone up before God; a great cry of suffering it is, an agonising cry, a moan, continued, unutterable, that has proceeded from age to age from this down-trodden people—that cry going up before the throne of Almighty God tells how the people have continuously suffered, a cry I hope that will at last bring some remedy, some relief. Would that our hands were clean. How can any of us shake off responsibility in some way in connection with those things occurring in our own time, by our own people, and accomplished by our own race? The people should know what is being done, so that they may take their full and intelligent sense of responsibility for the acts that are committed. Assuredly a day will come when clamour, and evil-speaking, and warfare will cease; when men will recognise their brothers as brothers instead of destroying them. If religion is worth anything, it ought gradually to accomplish this. In God's good time he will so arouse the hearts of men that they will rise to something nobler than they have done in the past. If so, there will yet dawn for Egypt, as I trust there will dawn for this country, a day of Divine influence when men shall be free, when oppression shall not scourge them and shall not rob them; when men shall move in freedom, and neither king nor lordling shall rob them of their rights; when there shall be a true brotherhood of man, leaving every man free from any other man, or combination of men, to move in the dignity of his moral manhood, doing that which is right in the sight of one another and in sight of God; and when injustice, wrong, and outrage shall disappear from Europe.

"HELP FOR THE HELPLESS."

LECTURE BY THE REV. J. C. STREET.

ON Sunday evening, November 26th in his church, Rosemary Street, the Rev. J. C. Street made a very earnest appeal to his congregation on behalf of the Royal Hospital. In the course of his remarks he said—I need fix no time, for all through the 24 hours, morning, noon, and night, there seems to be a procession coming to this Hospital from all parts of this community of those who are suffering—some from one disease, some from another, constantly coming to this institution. The door is never closed, at every moment there are skilled men ready to do their work; ready also at any moment for the reception of poor sufferers, there are skilled and tender nurses to minister to the afflicted ones. Last year some 9,000 cases were attended to, cases of those who did not come as patients to remain within the walls of the place, but simply to be ministered to in the extern department, while there were more than 2,000 inside; and of this large number the vast majority were not only benefited but restored to health, and sent back to their homes re-invigorated and able to take their places again in this great community in our hives of industry. Does not this prove the institution a helper to the helpless? In Frederick Street there are more than 60 beds, most of which are always occupied. If you could only see the position of these helpless ones you would thank God you had an opportunity of being of any service to an institution that's doing so much good. And if you

could go with me a little further away than Frederick Street, a few miles towards the hills —to the Throne Hospital; enter there and see the 20 or 30 children suffering, many of them from spinal disease, who, if left at home, must pine away and die or be helpless creatures during their lives. If you could see how the lame are made to walk, and the dumb to speak, and the blind to see, by the skill of the physicians; if you could see the smile of joy brought back to faces that had been full of suffering you would think the institution was one of the proudest benefactions and one of the mightiest instruments for good in this city of Belfast. All of you have heard of the Royal Hospital, but I see its work from day to day, and I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that no man need hesitate to consecrate anything he has for the benefit of an hospital like this. I am beginning to hope that by and by from this great community will spring forth spontaneously a feeling that will say "We shall have an institution grander and larger and more comprehensive than this." I am beginning to hope that here, where men achieve great wealth out of the earnings of those around them that some great soul will arise and say, "I will consecrate to the service of humanity a great institution which shall have at its command all the skill that can be obtained for administering to the suffering as far as possible among the poor and helpless." But in the meantime we have the hospital as it is. I wonder who is to blame, I don't know certainly, but every year there is a deficiency of nearly £2,000 in carrying on the work of that hospital. A great shame in a community like this. I think numbers of people do not know about it. If all preachers would explain as I have explained to you, if the press would put forward the matter in the same way, and that the working classes particularly would come thoroughly to understand the functions of this great institution, there would be a great and successful effort made to clear off the debt by which it is encumbered. The great body of working men are only too ready, and have more than once expressed their readiness to make an effort if only they were thoroughly organised. I am never accustomed to make appeals on a Sunday evening in this church for any sectarian purpose, but now and then I do feel it right to ask you to do what you can for movements that are not sectarian but purely humane. I am sorry to say only 20 churches out of all the churches of Belfast have yet responded to our appeal to have an hospital Sunday. I hope more of them will do so. We have an hospital Sunday at Newcastle and Gateshead, where I came from, a place about equal in size to Belfast, and while the annual collection there is some £1,800, in Belfast, I am sorry to say, it is only £500. The Belfast Hospital is an institution concerning which you need not have one scruple of conscience in supporting, and supporting to the best of your ability.

A collection was taken up, and a considerable sum realised.

SELECTIONS.

GOING TO THE KING.

"*Of such is the Kingdom.*"

We are going to the King,
Over pastures smooth and green,
Birds and flowers are whispering
Of a fairer land unseen;
God's own spirit calm and sweet,
Leads us on to better things,
Daily guiding little feet,
Onward to the King of Kings.

They are going to the King,
Through the dark and miry ways,
Where no prayerful accents ring,
And they know not how to praise;
From the alleys foul and dim,
Little pilgrims, born in woe
Faint of heart and weak of limb,
He has called them and they go.

We are going to the King,
Little hearts with love aflame
Upward at His bidding spring;
He has called us each by name.
Life is wonderfully sweet
Whilst along its way we sing:
"Jesus guides our little feet
Onward, upward to the King."

Arthur Clive.

TOILING.

How many weary steps to take
Before the race is run!
How many milestones yet to pass
Before the journey's done!
How many toilsome steeps to climb,
Before the height is won!
And yet, with tenderest love and care,
The Father leads us on.

How many hours of patient toil,
Our faithfulness to test!
How many burdens yet to bear
Before the hands may rest!
How many crosses, ere they lie
Calm, folded on the breast!
Yet toil and burden, cross and rod,
Divinest love hath blest.

How fierce the battle, ere we win
The conqueror's robe and palm!
How sharp the wounds before they feel
The healing drops of balm!
How loud the Babel sounds of strife
Before the evening psalm!
And yet o'er all the heaven extends
Its soundless deeps of calm.

So, step by step, we take the height,
A patient, pilgrim band;
We lift the burden, bear the cross,
With worn but willing hand;
And bend to hear amid the strife
The Master's calm command,
Content, dear Lord, if thine at last
Our finished work shall stand; —*Anon.*

STRENGTH FOR THE DAY.

Strength for the day! At early dawn, I stand
Helpless and weak, and with unrested eyes,
Watching for day. Before its portal lies
A low black cloud,—a heavy iron band.
Slowly the mist is lifted from the land,
And pearl and amber gleam across the skies,
Gladdening my upward gaze with sweet surprise!
I own the sign: I know that He whose hand
Hath fringed those sombre clouds with ruby ray,
And changed that iron bar to molten gold,
Will to my wandering steps be guide and stay,
Breathe o'er my wavering heart his rest for aye,
And give my waiting, folded palms to hold
His blessed morning boon,—strength for the day!

Rachel G. Alsop.

R. W. EMERSON.

"Take me home!" would our great man say,
As this earth was growing dim;
And lost in his own room he lay,
Where was no more home for him.

He was nearing his home 'mid the band
He has taught us to know so well,
Wand'ring on to the Silent Land,
Where the heroes and sages dwell.

Alas for the vacant place,
Which no one else can fill!
Alas for his kindly face!
He's at home: tis we that wander still.

F. M. H.

Rosemary Street Mutual Improvement Association.

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ELEVENTH SESSION—1882-83.

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The Committee have much pleasure in announcing the following

PROGRAMME UNTIL CHRISTMAS, 1882.

1882.
Oct. 2—Opening Soiree.
,, 9—Paper, "Egypt and Erin" Mr. F. D. F. O'Connor.
,, 16—Lecture, "Buddha: His Life and Teachings," Mr. W. Hoey, D. Lit., J.P., of Her Majesty's Bengal Civil Service.
,, 23—Paper, "An Ulsterman Abroad," Mr. J. H. Aston.
,, 30—Paper, "The Message of Gotama," Mr. W. Dempster.
Nov. 6—Music and Readings.
,, 13—Paper, "Notes of a short Tour in Canada and United States," Mr. John M. Dobbin.
,, 20—Lecture, "The Laws of Organic Life," Prof. Gordon, M.D.
,, 27—Paper, "Law, and our dutiful Obedience thereto," Mr. W. J. Roche.
Dec. 4—Music and Readings.
,, 11—Discussion—"Ought Capital Punishment to be Abolished."
,, 18—Lecture—Rev. J. C. Street.

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THE OBJECTS OF THE ASSOCIATION ARE—

First, the intellectual and moral advancement of its Members; and secondly, the furtherance of fellowship and acquaintance among them.

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The Meetings are held on MONDAY EVENINGS at Eight o'clock, in the Rosemary Street Schools.

ADMISSION—To Lectures and Discussion, Members Free: Non-Members, Sixpence each. To Papers and Music and Readings—Free.

MEMBERS' SUBSCRIPTION—4s per Annum, which entitles to the use of Library.

The Librarian will be in attendance after service on Sunday Morning, and on every Monday Evening during the session.

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☞ AGENTS WANTED.

BOOKS.

SCOTCH SERMONS. MacMillan & Co. Published at 11/6. To be had at the Depository, 16 Queen's Arcade, for 8/-

THE STORY OF RELIGION IN ENGLAND. By Brooke Herford. Published at 5/-. To be had at the Depository for 3/7.

TALKS ABOUT JESUS. By M. J. Savage, Boston, U.S.A. To be had at Depository for 4/2.

PLAY WITH YOUR OWN MARBLES, And other stories. By J. J. Wright. Second Edition. To be had at Depository for 9d.

JESUS OF NAZARETH. By Edward Clodd To be had at Depository for 4/6.

THE LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF THEODORE PARKER. By P. Dean. To be had at Depository for 2/-

STORIES FROM THE LIPS OF THE TEACHER. By O. B. Frothingham. To be had at Depository for 1/6.

YOUNG DAYS. One penny monthly. Last year's volume for 1/2.

THE BIBLE OF TO-DAY. By John W. Chadwick, New York, 1879. To be had at the Depository for 6/2.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA or the GREAT RENUNCIATION. By Edwin Arnold. Fifth Edition. May be had at the Depository for 2/-

DISCOURSE ON MATTERS PERTAINING TO RELIGION. By Theodore Parker. It may be had at the Depository for 1/6.

TEN SERMONS OF RELIGION AND PRAYERS. By Theodore Parker. To be had at the Depository, for 2/-.

STORIES FROM THE BOOK OF GENESIS. By Richard Bartram. It may be had at the Depository for 10d.

SPRING SUNBEAMS.—Second Edition, 1d.

PHILOCRISTUS. Published at 12/-. May be had at the Depository for 9/-

THE LIFE OF JESUS. For Young Disciples. By J. Page Hopps. May be had at the Depository for 1/-.

THE FAITH OF REASON. By. J. W; Chadwick. Sold at Depository, for 4/2.

WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED? By C. J. Street, M.A. It may be had at the Depository for 1d, and on cheaper terms for distribution.

TRANSYLVANIAN RECOLLECTIONS. By Andrew Chalmers. Smart & Son, London. It may be had at the Depository for 2/4.

RABBI JESHUA: An Eastern Story. London: C. Keegan Paul & Co. The price of the book at the Depository is 2/10.

WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED? By Colonel Robert Ingersoll. Third Edition. price 3d.

LOSS AND GAIN IN RECENT THEOLOGY. By Dr. James Martineau. This book may be had at the Depository for 10d; also, with Appendix for 1/2.

POSITIVE ASPECTS OF UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY. Copies at 1/- each. May be had at the Depository.

BELIEF IN GOD: AN EXAMINATION OF SOME FUNDAMENTAL THEISTIC PROBLEMS. By M. J. Savage. May be had at the Depository for 4/6. By post 4/9.

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